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# HEART-LIFE IN SONG.

BY

FANNIE H. MARR.

Know'st thou a noble action? — Tell it wide,  
That fainter hearts may learn to do or bear.  
Hast thou a worthy thought? — Clothe it with words,  
And it may live when thou hast passed away.

BALTIMORE:  
TURNBULL BROTHERS.  
1874.



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## Dedication.

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To all who think and feel :  
To all who suffer and mourn :  
To all who labor and wait and hope,  
This little volume is inscribed by the

WRITER.

*Warrenton, Va., Oct., 1874.*



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## KOSHAGAUTAMI.

A HINDOO LEGEND.



**W**HEN Time was young, and Buddha  
dwelt with men,  
Uttering his precious words of wisdom; when  
The wronged, the suffering, and the needy  
came  
To ask his counsel, or his aid to claim,  
It chanced that by him oftentimes there stood  
A simple, artless daughter of the wood,  
Koshagautami, who with eager ear  
And timid heart, like graceful fawn, drew near,  
Listened awhile, then lightly disappeared,  
As if observing eye she shunned and feared.  
Often had Buddha watched her standing by  
With glowing, parted lips and kindling eye;  
But when he sought with prophet glance to  
see  
Her inner, hidden life — then even he,  
Buddha, so great, and wise, and learned styled,  
Was baffled, thwarted, by the woman-child.

With all the buoyant hope and trust of wife,  
She, with her chosen, was just entering life.  
Far from the haunts of men, the happy two  
Lived for each other, faithful, kind and true.  
Rich in the treasure of a priceless love,  
Guileless and peaceful as the gentle dove,  
Their present flowed too smoothly, swiftly on  
To leave one sigh for days or pleasures gone;  
And to their gaze the future only cast  
A brightened image of the happy past.

One little boy made short the long, glad days,  
With cooing laughter, and sweet, childish  
ways,  
And won, without an effort, without art,  
The wild, deep worship of the mother's heart.  
She loved—but not as we of colder climes,  
Of calculating days and reasoning times,  
Who give, despite of Nature's loud demand,  
A measured love, with cautious heart and  
hand.  
Her love—a full, deep current strongly  
flowed,  
With every beat of pulse and stream of blood,  
Intensified existence, calmed its strife,  
And was her food, her air, her breath, her  
life.

One day the prattle ceased; the laughter fled;  
The little limbs grew still; the child was dead.  
The wondering mother fondly, wildly pressed  
The cold, stiff infant to her throbbing breast.  
She rocked and shook him; then she sang  
and cooed;

Then forced between his lips the savory food;  
Then rubbed and chafed him; tossed him to  
and fro;

For oh, the heavy silence awed her so!  
She would have leaped with joy to hear again  
The infant voice, although in moans of pain.  
Alas! where had the artless mother been  
Ne'er to have known the penalty of sin;  
Ne'er to have known the chill, the vanished  
breath,

The awful stillness of what we call death?

With love that never curbs her strong desires;  
With love that never falters, never tires;  
With love that never yields to cold despair,  
But wills and acts though Reason says "For-  
bear,"

Koshagautami placed the lifeless form  
Upon her hips, and on through sun and storm,  
Wandered o'er plains, and up and down the  
wood,

Asking each passer what would do him good.  
And all, with innate courtesy, gave place,  
Looked pityingly into the wistful face  
And hollow eyes that asked so strange a thing,  
Yet never help, or ray of hope could bring.  
And then the patient mother thought of one  
To whom all things were easy, all things  
    known ;  
And with a new, fresh hope she turned with  
    haste  
To seek the aid of India's mighty Priest.  
"Surely," she thought, stilling her bosom's  
    woes,  
"Surely some help, some hope great Buddha  
    knows."

He sat beneath a spreading Banyan tree,  
And men had gathered all around, while he  
Unfolded to them from the mighty deep  
Of his own soul, some thought, some truth  
    to keep.  
O Buddha! when, like mountain capp'd with  
    snows,  
Above the plain of common minds thou rose,  
Seeking with only Nature's light and lore  
To make men wiser, better than before,



Thou sought the noblest task that e'er was  
given

To fallen man by an o'er-ruling Heaven.

And if in darkness thou didst blindly grope,  
Striving in vain the close-barred gates to ope  
That swelled the tide of ignorance and doubt,  
And shut the floods of higher knowledge out,  
Thy soaring spirit, in its daring flight,  
Caught, now and then, a glimmer of the light.

The truly great are good, and when he saw  
Koshagautami gently near him draw,  
And read upon her young and clouded face  
The lines that only spirit-grief can trace,  
His heart with sympathising pity stirred,  
And his kind ear waited her opening word.

How strong and brave love makes us! Ne'er  
before,

Save in the distance humbly to adore,  
Had she dared gaze on him; yet now, without  
One checking fear, or shade of blinding doubt,  
Or thought of aught save that she came to  
crave,

And that he held the power to help and  
save,

She came — the lifeless burden on her hips,—  
She came — the heart-wish trembling on her  
lips.

“Behold,” said she, “my child! How still he  
lies;  
How cold and stiff his limbs; how strange  
his eyes!  
Vainly I’ve tried each simple charm and art;  
No word, no laughter comes to cheer my  
heart.  
But dost not thou, O blessed Master, know  
Something to make again the life-blood flow?”

As answering echo back on echo flies,  
Reflected sorrow glistened in his eyes,  
As he replied: “Daughter, I do. Make speed,  
Bring hither in thy hand some mustard seed  
From the first home that thou canst find  
where one  
Hath never died, and I will heal thy son.”

Back to the town, still bearing on her dead,  
Koshagautami quickly, wildly sped;  
And at the first low house her footsteps  
stayed,

And with faint voice her humble prayer she  
made;

And as with trembling hand the seed she  
took,

Said with an eager and imploring look,

“Tell me, hath any in this home e'er died?”

Alas! the master shook his head and sighed,

“'Twas but last moon death seized my fairest  
one,

Him that my soul loved best — my first-born  
son.”

“The seed is worthless then,” she sadly said,

And to another dwelling quickly sped;

And on, and on, until the day was spent.

But everywhere the sorrowing mother went,

She found a mightier one had been before,

And with a sickened heart she sought no  
more.

As alchemists with patient, tireless thought,

Through centuries of time have vainly sought

Things not in Nature, yet have haply found

Their ill-directed efforts nobly crowned

With knowledge far more precious, far more  
great,

Than all their wildest fancies could create,—

So did this mother in her fruitless task  
Find what she did not seek, and did not ask.  
She found the seed that in each grief is sown;  
Found that in sorrow she stood not alone;  
And that the burden she accepted not,  
Was but the common fate, the common lot.

Ashamed that she had dared to murmur o'er  
What all the world in silent suffering bore,  
She took the child, and, in a lonely place,  
Covered with moss and leaves his form and face,  
Then came again where Buddha sat, and said,  
"Master, I found no seed such as you bade  
Me bring. There is no home without its dead."  
"No, daughter; in this world of change and pain,  
Thou long mayst ask, and seek such seed in vain.  
Thine eye hath seen, thy heart doth feel it true,  
The dead are many, and the living few.  
But hast thou in thy searching nothing found  
That, like a ligature, thy grief hath bound?  
The load beneath whose burden *one* would fall  
Grows lighter if the weight is shared by *all*.  
In shade and silence let thy grief be laid:  
Earth has no home, no heart, without its dead."

*THE MOTHER'S REVENGE.*

A MANIAC'S TALE.



**L**OOK on me, ye who idly pass this way;  
Ay, stop and gaze, as if with horror filled  
Ye viewed a monster: one, from whose strong  
power

And frightful passions ye would shrink away.  
Look well upon this bent-up, shrivelled form;  
'Tis mightier than a giant's. See this hand,  
Trembling and withered; it has strength with  
which

Ye dare not cope. But if ye'll stay and hear,  
I'll tell of grief and suffering, such as ye  
Have never dreamed of; and when ye shall fall  
Upon your knees to-night, pray God in heaven  
That ye may never feel. Listen to me:

Fancy yourselves gifted, or cursed, by God,  
As I have been, with passions deep and wild.  
Stand ye where I have stood; bear what I bore;  
Feel all that I have felt; suffer as I  
Have suffered; turn each feeling to the light;

Probe to the quick each passion; and if ye  
Can lift your hands to Heaven, and say ye had  
More patient been, and stronger to endure,  
Then may ye pass harsh judgment upon me

I once was young, and innocent, and gay;  
Life was as dear, as beautiful to me  
As now it seems to you. Each fleeting day  
Brought new enjoyment; night, a calm repose.  
Hope walked beside me, and the air was filled  
With love's rich perfume. To my lips,  
My eager, thirsting lips, was pressed a cup  
Full of delicious sweetness, and I drank.

I stood—a bride—beside the altar, as  
A thousand forms before and since have  
stood.

With all the fervency of youth I pledged  
Myself to one, who gave his all to me.  
If ye have felt the freshness of young love;  
If ye have known each longing passion stilled,  
And every hour and every moment filled  
With so much joy there was no more to  
crave,

Then may ye feel what bliss was mine.  
The newer longings of a newer life

God heard and answered; and I thought and  
said

That He was good. A little form lay on  
My breast; lips ravishingly sweet met mine;  
I looked in beauteous eyes whose depths  
disclosed

A new-created world of rare delight.  
My cup of joy, so brimming full before,  
With blissful happiness ran o'er.

I thought my soul was more  
Than filled with one; but when six children  
called

Me mother, there was room and love for all.  
My first-born was my joy, my hope, my pride.  
He was the fairest, dearest, best, where all  
Were good and beautiful. I had no thought  
Apart from him; he filled my days with joy,  
My slumbers with delight. I could not tear  
Him from my present, or my future; and  
The wonder was that I had ever lived  
Without him. Then the shadows fell across  
My path: my boy began to fade and droop,  
As doth a tender plant whose stalk is snapt.  
A little hump between his shoulders grew,  
At which my husband laughed, and said my fears

Were groundless, and as idle as a child's.  
I sought the aid of science, and I watched  
The doctor's face, as if within his hand  
He held a fate more precious than my own.  
His tones were cheerful, but his look was grave.  
I knew my child was doomed. Words cannot  
paint

My agony of soul. I begged, as men  
Beside the stake or scaffold have been heard  
To beg for life, that he would save my boy.  
He calmed me, saying that he had not thought  
Of death; but—and he touched the little hump,  
Then glanced across the street. My watchful  
eye

Followed him as the fated victim doth  
Its charmer, and I saw a hunchback pass,  
Boys running at his heels, pointing at him,  
With scoffs and jeers. "O God, be pitiful!  
My boy,—my darling, beauteous boy,—my  
pride,—

To live and be like that! Earth, open wide  
A kindly grave and hide him from my sight!"

So prayed my soul in its first agony.  
Alas, for ignorance! I did not know  
How suffering and affliction deepen love.



I did not know that every pain he bore  
Would make him nearer, dearer to my heart;  
I knew not that the fell, the bitter stroke,  
That severed him from others, would but bind  
Him closer unto me. The love I nourished,  
Deeper, wilder grew, until it was  
No longer love, but soul-idolatry.

Months—years—passed by, and wrought a  
wondrous change.

Things somehow twisted and distorted grew:  
Whether 'twas I or others, would be hard  
For tongue to tell. It may be I had grown  
Unloving and unlovable:—God knows.

My husband had become indifferent  
And cold to me; harsh, cruel, to my child.  
I little minded what he gave to me,  
But when cross words, and heavy, stunning  
blows

Came to my boy, the creeping, sluggish blood  
Leaped, with a fever heat, from vein to vein;  
And passions that before had calmly slept,  
Coiled round the very centre of my soul,  
Raged fierce and wild, and would not be  
subdued.

I saw my son grow fearful of his sire,

Shrink from his glance, and shudder at his  
step.

Oh! it is terrible when that dear name,  
Which ought to be a sheltering tower of  
strength,

A fountain of delight, becomes a dread  
And terror; and the place that ought to be  
A miniature of heaven, an earthly hell,  
Where every sinful passion is unchained,  
And discord, hatred, dwell—a place from  
which

We long to flee, but cannot get away.

My boy was never aught but beautiful  
To me. His face was like a fair, fresh flower  
Upon a rude, unsightly rock; or as  
A limpid, placid lake, enclosed by rough  
And rugged cliffs. His growing mind was  
like

A jewel set in stone; his rich, deep thoughts,  
Clothed in the choicest drapery of words,  
Revealed the mighty reservoir of wealth  
Hid in that mis-shaped form. His eye was of  
Heaven's deepest blue; his brow of purest  
snow,

On which the soft hair fell like sunny beam.

His lip was pale, but beautifully curved.  
His smile was not the meteor's quick, bright  
flash;

'Twas lingeringly sweet, as sunset hues.  
His voice was softer than a flute; no sound  
In nature hath a depth so rich and full.  
His hand was thin, and delicate, and white,  
And its cool touch soft as a loving woman's.  
Oh, if ye know aught beautiful and dear,  
'Tis what my boy was like! If ye have one  
Ye prize above all others — one for whom  
Ye would lie down and die, then is that one  
Like my dear, sainted boy.

One day the father came,  
And said his child was growing like a girl;  
That he must go and learn to be a man;  
Must rough it with the world; must measure  
strength  
With boys, and not forever hang upon  
A woman's hand.  
I said he should not go. He said he should.  
I told him there were five; that he could  
take,  
Or one, or all, if he would only leave  
This stricken one with me. But he said "No."

I knelt; upon my knees, to sinful man,  
I prayed as unto God: I prayed and wept.  
He only spurned and thrust me from his feet.  
Then, after a long, bitter strife, after  
Harsh, biting words, which, for slow, weary  
years,  
Have eaten like a canker in my heart,  
I yielded—yielded, for his arm was strong.  
The world, and law, and custom, all were on  
His side, and only right on mine; and ye  
Well know that they have power enough to  
crush  
Both truth and right to dust.

They bore him to a school, long widely famed  
For its harsh discipline, its meagre fare,  
Its almost Draco laws. 'Twas miles from  
home;  
And when the boy wept sore and clung to me,  
And said that he would die if sent away,  
I marvel that I could have let him go.  
But when his quick eye saw I suffered too,  
He locked his feelings in his breast, and wept  
No more; but mutely took his place within  
The noble line of martyrs. O my boy!  
Could I but bring thee back; could I but see

Thee as I saw thee then — not hell and earth  
Combined should take thee from me! I would  
hurl

Defiance at them all; and, seizing thee,  
Would fly to some lone spot, and, if I could  
Not live, would die with thee!

My only pleasures were  
The letters that he wrote, and mine to him.  
My two great eras were the day he left,  
And that he would return. One quiet noon,  
After the whirl of morn had died away,  
My husband came in hastily, and laid  
A letter in my hand. A sudden fear  
Seized on me, piercing to the very quick.  
The paper quivered, rattled in my hand,  
It trembled so. My sight grew dim, my brain  
Confused; the letters seemed so indistinct,  
And blurred, and running all together, that  
I could not read. And then my husband  
spoke:

“Our boy is ill; and we will go to him.”

It was as if he said “Our boy is dead.”

My palsied tongue kept silence, but I looked  
At him, and if a glance has power to speak,  
Then did mine say, “He’s dead: and by your  
hand.”

We travelled side

By side, yet neither spoke a word. I know  
Not what he thought; but as for me, I knew  
My boy was dead. And when we reached the  
house,

I looked to see the crape upon the knob;  
And it was there. They led up broad steps  
Into a little room where he had died.

The father stayed behind; he dared not look  
On him he had so sorely, deeply wronged.  
And I was glad. I wished to be alone.

I found him stretched upon a narrow bed,  
A single, tireless watcher at his side,  
A pale-faced youth, who rose at my approach,  
And left me with my dead. I did not weep.  
Grief such as mine knows not the shallow  
fount

Of tears. I drew the white cloth from his  
face,

And looked—looked full upon my idol that  
A mighty hand had in the night cast down.  
His features were like fairest marble in .  
Their calm and still repose. His thin, pale  
hands,

Longer and whiter than before, were crossed  
Above his breast. No vestige of a smile

Lingered upon the wasted lips, that had  
Forever closed with sighs of weariness.  
The leaden-circled eyes half-opened were,  
Yet dull and meaningless. But oh, his brow,  
His fair, white brow I had so often kissed,  
Was just the same; and on it fell the soft  
Bright hair, like cherub's golden wing.  
I pressed his lips; they gave no kiss again.  
I called him; but he heeded, answered not.  
I lifted up the lids: the rayless orbs  
So frightened me, I closed them from my  
sight,  
And sank upon the floor; yet did not weep,  
Nor die. •Death loves not to be wooed; he  
flies  
From those who seek him. 'Tis the happy  
die:  
The wretched live.

A step behind aroused me, and I looked,  
And saw the pale-faced boy, who came again.  
“What do you know  
Of him?” I asked; “how grew he sick? how  
died?”  
“He ne'er seemed well to me,” he said, “and  
oft

I marvelled how his friends could send him  
here.

It takes an iron frame, a lion heart,  
To scuffle with the life that meets us here.  
But well I'll mind me what I say. These  
walls

Have ears — ay, tongues that can repeat.  
But could I see his parents, I would tell  
A tale that they would rather die than hear.”  
“Say on ; I am his mother. Never fear ;  
No harm shall come to thee. Say all thou  
knowest.”

“He died — well — just as many a sickly one  
Has died before. *They* say, grew sick and  
died :

*I* say, was starved and murdered. Now this  
boy

Had tasks he could not learn, and then was  
starved.

How could he learn when he was faint for  
want

Of food and nourishment? Lift up his form,  
And see the marks of blows, and do not ask  
Me how, or why he died.” “Hold, boy,” I  
said,

“Will you stand here by Death and God, and  
swear



The thing you say is true?" He laid one  
hand

Upon the corpse, raising the other, said,  
"I swear." "And I too swear," I cried;  
"swear by

This murdered boy—by all the powers of  
Heaven—

To be avenged! Yet fear not thou, dear boy;  
I would not harm one hair of thy young head."

With tearless eyes

I saw my child laid in his narrow grave:  
I saw them press and pile the cold, damp  
earth

Upon him; and I knew they wondering saw  
My calmness; but I let them wonder. Then  
When all was o'er, I said I wanted change—  
Would see my sister who lived far away.

I left; but went not near my sister's. I  
Went to the place where he, my boy, had  
died.

I stole into the master's household; watched  
Him there; noted his children one by one;  
Saw how he smiled on this, and frowned on  
that.

I watched him in the quiet, evening hours,

When life's sharp conflict, for a time, was o'er,  
And all the thousand comforts he had bought  
With his unrighteous gains, were heaped  
around;

When art made warm the air, and soft the  
light,

Within the little world that he had formed.  
And there, a living Nemesis, I stood,  
Watching with flashing eyes, and clenching  
teeth,

Hating with all my might, and brooding o'er  
My wrongs, and nursing vengeance in my soul.  
But what could he, poor man, what could he  
give

That would be half the value of the one  
That I had lost? But it were well  
To take such as he had. This is earth's law,  
And justice, and 'twas mine. He killed my  
best

And dearest, and I claimed his most beloved.  
I wanted life for life, and child for child.  
And he loved best — not that young, laughing  
girl,

Whose face was beauty's own, whose step was  
grace,

And tone was love's; nor yet the noble boy

Whose warm blood coursed with vigor through  
each vein,

Whose heart and form were strong with youth  
and health ;

But the sweet babe, whose little winning ways  
Made half the music of their happy home.

*That one* he loved ; *that one* I marked my own.  
Oh, how my spirit gloated o'er its prize!

How sweet was slow, long vengeance to my  
heart!

How did I draw the pictures of his own  
And mine, until they were daguerreotyped  
Upon my inmost soul. He had kind tones,  
Sweet smiles, and soft caresses for his own ;  
Stern looks, harsh words, and cruel blows for  
mine!

The choicest food, the balmiest air, soft lights,  
And silken couch for his:—hard, mouldy  
crusts,

Darkness, and cold, and heaps of straw for  
mine!

When none were near, I stole the little babe  
And bore him swiftly to my distant home,  
And in the farthest cellar, cold, and dark,  
And damp, I placed him. Then I took re-  
venge,

And it was sweet. I sat with forms  
And voices all around, and when through  
floors,  
And walls of stone, and oaken doors, I heard  
The distant, muffled sound of infant's wail,  
I laughed aloud, and triumphed in my joy!  
Each day I went to see the little cheek  
Grow thin, and thinner, and with measured  
tape  
Marked how the limbs were wasting day by  
day.  
'Twas triumph's self to hear of searching wide,  
And of the father's bitter agony,  
Of great rewards, and armies of police.

Of all the men on earth I feared but one,  
And he was of my household. His keen  
glance,  
His searching gaze, I could not bear to meet.  
Methought he eyed me as the tiger eyes  
His prey; and more than once I had resolved  
To rid and free myself and earth of him.  
Well, he (my husband) watched and followed  
me,  
And found the child when it was almost  
dead,

And thwarted me as he had always done,  
And took the one sweet drop out of my life ;  
Gave back the child, and called me crazy  
    murderess,  
And brought, and keeps me here, because,  
    forsooth,  
I dared take vengeance in my hand.

They tell me years have passed since these  
    things were.  
I know not how to count and measure time ;  
The sunbeams struggling through those iron  
    bars  
Leave on the walls no trace.  
Tall, stately men and matrons visit me,  
And say they are my children. It may be.  
But one absorbed my soul, and he is not ;  
The others are as naught.

There comes, at times, a white-haired, saintly  
    man,  
Who talks to me of God, and hope, and  
    heaven.  
I love to hear him, for his words are like  
The dew upon the flinty rock, which though  
It does not moisten, softens it.

He speaks of hope and heaven; and hope  
to me

Is the blest thought of seeing my beloved;  
And heaven is where he is.

Start not, you have your reason;—mine is  
gone.

Does your God seek what He has borne  
away?

Or reason ask when reason is withdrawn?

I wait—the years are long. I wait and  
pray

That He will send a little hand to clip  
Life's worn-out thread, and give me back  
my lost.

*THE ORPHANS:*

OR,

“OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.”



IN a rickety house of a close, narrow street,  
Where suffering and sorrow were wont to  
retreat,  
Two pale little children sat watching the bed  
Where their mother was sleeping, as wan as  
the dead.

'Twas a comfortless room, with its old broken  
panes,  
And its dark, crumbling walls that were cov-  
ered with stains ;  
With only the bare, chilling floor for a seat,  
And a pile of white ashes, long guiltless of heat ;  
With only the flickering, glimmering light  
Of a candle to make less hideous the night ;  
With a heap of damp straw for the sick wo-  
man's bed,  
And nothing but hope for the near morrow's  
bread.

With a motion of suffering the poor sleeper  
stirred,  
The eyelids unclosed, yet the lips gave no  
word ;  
But one quick little watcher raised gently her  
head,  
And the thin tattered coverlet tried to re-  
spread ;  
Then she smoothed the rough hair with a  
womanly stroke,  
And full of kind love were the words that  
she spoke.

“You are better, dear mother ; how sweetly  
you slept,  
While brother and I have so quietly kept !  
I thought ’twould be so when I drew on your  
cap ;  
There’s no physic—so good as a nice little nap.”

“No, darling. My words you must try to  
believe ;  
You well know your dear mother would never  
deceive :  
Think not I am better ; this calm is the breath,  
And this freedom from pain is the numbness,  
of death.”



The little girl moaned —“ Oh, what do I hear?  
Can we work, can we live, with our mother  
not near?

We never will trouble, we never will grieve;  
O mother, sweet mother, for us try to live!  
For what will become of me when you are  
gone?

Me — friendless, and fatherless, motherless  
one? ”

“ Dear sister, can't God make our mother get  
well,

If He does the kind things I have oft heard  
you tell? ”

“ Yes, brother, He can; He does good, and  
not ill;

And I've asked Him so often I think that  
He will.”

Dear children, we know that with God is  
the power

To afflict and to heal; to exalt and to lower;  
And we know that His wise, His unerring  
behest

*Is not as we think, but as He knows is best.*

If it pleases Him now your mother to take,  
That mother well knows He will never forsake

The heart that to Him its all can confide,  
And can own Him as Father, as Friend, and  
as Guide.

Whatever is taken, whatever is given,  
Trust hopefully, children, your Father in  
Heaven."

Just then, with a sound of the mournfullest  
strain,

The rough wind swept in through the thin,  
broken pane;

And through the bare room he went searching  
around,

With a whisk and a whirl and a furious  
bound,

Till the candle's faint glimmering caught his  
eye,

And he quickened his pace as he went whistling  
by,

Bearing on, like a victor, along his wild  
track,

The spark that till then held the deep darkness  
back.

With a shuddering awe the little ones crept  
To their sick mother's side, and piteously  
    wept ;  
But fondly and softly she silenced each moan  
With a tremulous touch, but an unmoved  
    tone,  
As she quietly bade them beside her lie,  
And then folded her hands in the darkness  
    to die.

In smiles the Morn awoke ;—awoke  
    As if there were no pain ;  
As if he never glad dreams broke  
Of those who, when they felt the stroke  
Of pitying slumber's welcome yoke,  
    Hoped ne'er to wake again.  
When Death, the iron King, held court,  
It seemed almost a mocking sport  
For the bright smiling Morn to come  
And flood with light that wretched room,  
And wake to suffering and to tears,  
Children grown old with grief—not years.  
And yet it came from the same Hand  
That sped the darkness o'er the land ;  
The very same that soothes and grieves —  
That lowers and lifts — that takes and gives.

The first one to waken to suffering and life  
Was the youngest—the boy—too young for  
such strife.

There was nothing but hope in his wakening  
start,

There was nothing but trust in his innocent  
heart;

But not for the world would he utter a word  
Till he saw that his sister from slumber had  
stirred.

“See, sister, she’s sleeping; she’s better, I  
know;

How I love just to look at her slumbering so!”

The little girl gazed, and then drew in her  
breath;

She had looked once before on the features  
of death;

But her voice trembled not as softly she  
spoke,

“She’s not sleeping—but dead. She will  
never awake.”

“Oh, yes, she will waken; I’m certain she  
will.”

“Nay, just touch her; you see she is cold — cold — and still.”

“And so are we cold; and the room is all cold;

No wonder she’s chilled in this dark, dismal hold.

Oh, I wish I had something to make a bright fire,

’Twould warm her to watch it rise higher and higher.”

“No, brother, it all would be worse than in vain;

She is gone, and we never can warm her again.”

“Gone away!” said the boy, with a tear in his eye;

“Would she go and not kiss us, and tell us ‘Good-bye’?”

“The angels came down when the darkness was deep,

And they took her away while we both were asleep.”

“And what shall *we* do?—we—so little and  
weak;  
All alone in the world, what friend can we  
seek?”

“Not alone, dearest brother; we’ll mind what  
she said

In the night when her hands were placed on  
each head:

‘Whatever is taken, whatever is given,  
Trust hopefully, children, your Father in  
Heaven.’

The morning has come, we will kneel at her  
side

And ask that He now for us both will pro-  
vide;

You know we must ask what we wish to be  
given,

And there’s no one to ask but the Father in  
Heaven.”

And then on the still morning air there arose  
The words and the wish such a faith only  
knows.

They knew when they’d prayed they had  
done all they could,

And calm in that knowledge they trustingly  
stood,  
In quietness waiting beside the cold dead  
For the Father in Heaven to send them their  
bread.

Of the millions of prayers that winged their  
way  
In the fresh, balmy air of the opening day,  
Not one was there louder or mightier said  
Than that of the orphans beside their dead.  
It went through the room, and it went  
through the street,  
Like the flash of the lightning, clear, vivid,  
and fleet;  
It rose on the air like a spirit forgiven,  
Till it reached the bowed ear of the Father  
in Heaven.

With magic stroke it ripples woke,  
In the great sea of thought;  
The swelling circles widened out,  
As if a heart they sought,  
That suffering much, believing much,  
Could beat reponsive to their touch.

And such heart did they reach in a passer-by,  
Who paused at the sound of the children's cry.

Through the broken glass he had seen them  
kneel,  
And heard words that could soften a heart of  
steel ;

But he reverently stood by the half-open door  
Till the touching prayer of the children was  
o'er.

Then softly he entered. One look round the  
room

Told plainly the tale of their sorrow and gloom.  
At sight of a stranger, the little ones crept  
To the pallet of straw, as though they still kept  
Their confident trust, as ever of yore,  
In the spirit that never had failed them before.  
But kindly he asked them the cause of their  
grief,

And kindly he brought and proffered relief.

To their mother they pointed and sobbingly  
said,

“She was all that we had, and behold! she is  
dead.

We did all we could that she easy might be,  
But she died in the night, and we could not see.  
We slept in the darkness, and she was alone  
When she went to the place where death is  
unknown.



And there's none to take care of us, none to  
us given,—  
Unless it may be — the good Father in  
Heaven! ”

Oh! if it be anguish to die when the ones  
That love us are near—when the tenderest  
tones

And the kindest of hands are smoothing the  
way,

While the cold touch of death is unfastening  
each stay,—

What must it be in the darkness to die,  
And we know that no heart, no hand can be  
nigh!

If it's hard for a mother her babes to confide  
To the hand of another herself has long tried,  
What must the faith of that parent have been  
In the One she had trusted without having  
seen,

When alone she could leave helpless babes at  
her side,

So sure that the God she had served would  
provide!

If it's hard to give up even *one* that we love,  
When the void is soon filled as the years  
onward move,

How strong must the hearts of those children  
    have been,  
As they saw the last hand upon which they  
    could lean  
Grow lifeless and cold — yet could turn from  
    that dust,  
Above and beyond, with a Christian-like trust,  
And though from their reach every helper  
    seemed driven,  
Could so hopefully cling to their Father in  
    Heaven!  
Oh! there was the fountain of tenderest love,  
And there was the faith that mountains could  
    move!

The good man wept sore as he drew to his side  
The children who had none but God to provide,  
And he asked, "Will you go to my bright,  
    pleasant home,  
Where suffering and want such as yours cannot  
    come?"

But the little girl sighed, and shook sadly  
    her head,  
As she meaningly glanced at the form on the  
    bed.

Then he spake once again: "When we've laid  
her to rest,  
And the earth has been placed above her still  
breast?"

And she said, "We will go, and we ask not  
your name,  
Nor whither you take us, for surely you came  
From Him who provideth whatever is given,  
And who careth for all — the good Father in  
Heaven!"

OLD LETTERS.



KEEP them still — though faded now and  
worn,  
And of each trace of beauty long since shorn ;  
To stranger's eyes a tattered pile and old,  
Fit to be stored in some neglected hold,  
With all the rubbish that we cast away,  
As if unworthy of the light of day.

And yet from all that heaping round me lies  
To charm with grace or use fastidious eyes,  
Were I at danger's sudden call to wake  
And bid my heart its valued treasure take,  
This faded packet with its yellow strings  
Would find a place among her precious things.

From many a happy, quiet, peaceful home  
These fleet-winged messengers of love have  
come,  
O'er many a weary mile of land and sea  
Have safely borne their costly freight to me ;

Brought to my sight with more than human  
art  
The priceless coinage of some loving heart.

The skill of man has taught the sun to trace  
And fix the lineaments of form and face ;  
Wrung from inexorable Time and Death,  
Part of their stolen prey — a shade — a breath ;  
But these can paint with higher, nobler art,  
The lasting photographs of mind and heart.

As when by life's sharp conflicts roughly tost,  
Before the portraits of the early lost  
We love at times in quietness to stand  
And look with yearning heart and out-  
stretched hand,  
So on these pictures of my happier days  
I love with soft and sad regret to gaze.

They are not dead to me — but fresh and rife  
With all the glow of animating life ;  
Not homely — they are bright, and true, and  
fair ;  
Not worthless — mines of richest wealth they  
bear ;  
Not dumb — but ever eloquent with word,  
And thought, and tone, affection loves to hoard.

They are to me no rude unsightly heap,  
But sacred tombs where hallowed memories  
    sleep;

Where, on the rest-days of a working life,  
I love to turn from toil, and care, and strife,  
And o'er these urns of hearts, and hopes, and  
    years,

Let fall the sorrowing spirit's soothing tears.

Time holds enough, relentlessly and fast,  
Within his wormy, mouldering, confined past;  
Enough within that cold, decaying grave,  
I would have died a thousand times to save;  
With my life's treasures as in sport he played,  
Grasping the substance—let me keep the  
    shade!

Keep, as the blinded Eastern devotee  
The sacred stone no Christian eye may see;  
Keep, as the miser keeps his shining gold,  
Safe in my house and spirit's strongest hold;  
Keep, till the life-long sacrifice is made,  
And heart and memory in one grave are laid!

*FAMILY PORTRAITS.*



GAZE upon them one by one,  
Those faces loved so well of yore ;  
And weep to think that on this earth  
They shall be seen — ah, nevermore !

Oh ! they were young, and fair, and good,  
And life was but a joy to them ;  
And they had strong, enduring hearts  
That floods of ill and wrong could stem.

They came — they lingered for awhile —  
They blessed the homes that gave them  
birth ;  
They hallowed every joy and grief,  
Made dearer life, and fairer earth.

They vanished — as the hues of morn ;  
They died — as dies the summer breeze ;  
They swept like phantoms by, and left  
Naught but a cold white stone — and these.

These silent, changeless semblances,  
    These beckoning shades that mock my  
        sight;  
These fleshless, bloodless forms that cast  
    O'er memory's waste a meteor light,

And bring again long vanished joys  
    That mingle strangely with earth's din,  
And words and tones that but for these  
    I could believe had never been.

O eyes, that kindled at my sight!  
    O lips, once wont to smile on me!  
O hands, that warmly clasped my own,  
    Your sameness is but mockery!

I mourn — and still ye calmly smile;  
    I weep — ye see unmoved the tear;  
I stretch my pleading hands, I call;  
    Ye do not heed, ye will not hear.

I cannot gaze on features loved  
    As yours, and think ye thus estranged;  
Ah, no! — ye are to-day the same —  
    'Tis only life and I have changed.



For ye do speak ; your voiceless lips  
And changeless smile have but one tone,  
Which bids my fainting soul be strong,  
To do, and bear, and suffer on.

Then let me steal from earth away,  
Steal from its pangs, its strifes, its storms ;  
And like a pilgrim to his shrine,  
Come oft and gaze on your still forms,—

Until your calmness falls on me,  
As evening shadows on the hill ;  
And I upon life's changing tide  
Can look as ye, unmoved and still.

*"I COUNT ONLY THE HOURS THAT  
ARE SERENE."*

MOTTO ON A SUN-DIAL IN VENICE.



LET the heavy days go by—  
The days of woe when pain is queen ;  
Let pass the sorrow and the grief,  
And "count the hours that are serene."

Quicker the creeping shadows glide  
If memory does not intervene ;  
Unsought they came, unnoticed die—  
"I count the hours that are serene."

I mark the sunbeam—not the shade ;  
Of brightness, not of darkness glean ;  
I know not how to trace the clouds—  
"I count the hours that are serene."

O passers on the road of life,  
O dials of a sun unseen,  
Would ye of bliss the secret learn ?  
"Count but the hours that are serene."

L I F E .



**W**HAT is it? essence? spirit? breath? or  
power?

That universal, fine, ethereal thing,  
Stretched o'er a thousand years, or to an hour  
Compressed:—now coming and now van-  
ishing.

Behold, within a world sustained by Heaven,  
Where all with vexing mystery is rife,  
The greatest, noblest boon to mortals given,  
The grandest miracle of Nature — life.

The part that we may see, the part we know,  
Is but an atom of the mighty whole;  
Is as one bud to all the flowers that grow,  
One blade to all the grass whose leaves  
unroll :

Is as a rushlight to the noonday sun;  
One grain to all the sands of ocean's shore;  
One stroke to all the toil conceived or done;  
One infant wail to grand Niagara's roar.

Beyond created time it stretches back,  
In thick, impenetrable folds entwined;  
And, sweeping on in deepening, widening  
track,

Leaves thought and calculation far behind.  
Conception strains its utmost power in vain  
To grasp the dark, mysterious one in three;  
And droops ere it can reach the subtle chain  
That binds the was, and is, and is to be.

As shipwrecked mariner on drifting spar,  
Aroused to consciousness as from a trance,  
Darting his wild, despairing eyes afar,  
Beholds one boundless, fathomless expanse:  
So we, still drifting, drifting on, may send  
Our longing gaze behind, before, and see  
On neither side, beginning, course, nor end;  
Only a shoreless, vast immensity.

Life is the fiat of the Eternal One;  
An emanation of the Will Divine;  
The breath of Him who speaks and it is done;  
The working of His deep and wise design  
His gift, incomprehensible and vast,—  
Magnificent and god-like:—and to be,  
To be, and last as He Himself shall last,  
Is our eternal and fixed destiny.

We may not choose:— who draws the breath  
of God,

However feebly, draws that breath forever.

Unconscious heirs we change our state, our road,

We change our world — we end existence  
never.

Life is the horologe whose secret springs

Our rude, rough hands may never press  
upon ;

'Tis the projectile the All Powerful flings

In empty space that must move ever on.

Sooner might we exclude the light of day,

Call on the flowers to bloom, or winds to  
blow ;

Sooner might animate the senseless clay,

Bid comets stand, or rivers cease to flow :

Might make of stars a pathway for our feet,

Or laws to other, higher worlds decree ;

Or hurl the Eternal from His heavenly seat,

Than for a single moment cease to be !

Strip life of its externals ; lay it bare

Of honor, wealth, and comfort ; yet if free

From crime's polluting touch, it still is fair,—

Ay more,—'tis great and glorious to be !

With lips of dust to draw the kingly breath  
Whose source and fountain is eternity ;  
And sheathed in mail impregnable to death,  
As God, and angels, and just men — to be!

O mortal, where and whatsoe'er thou art,  
Outcast and banned, this yet remains to  
thee :

Lift up thy drooping head, and let thy heart  
Rejoice in that thou art — rejoice to be!

O peer and mate of angels, even now  
A radiant light on thy lone path doth shine ;  
A crown of glory rests upon thy brow —  
The boon of immortality is thine!

*L O N G I N G .*



**T**HE restless water strives  
And struggles in its course;  
Its single, constant aim to reach  
The level of its source.

And so the fettered soul,  
Through mist, and film, and clod,  
Is ever striving to attain  
Its source and fountain — God.

TO MY BOOKS.



COMRADES long tried! Friends of my  
lonely heart!

Who ne'er to me could aught but joy impart,  
I love to gaze on your familiar forms—  
The same through summer's suns and winter's  
storms—

And feel whate'er I am, where'er I range,  
There are *some* things that weary not, nor  
change.

I have been in the world—and I have sought  
Its brightest scenes—its dearest pleasures  
bought;

With hot and thirsting lip advanced to drain  
Its proffered cup of mingled joy and pain:  
And, as the man who long at Bacchus' shrine  
Hath knelt, turns sickened from the spark-  
ling wine

To purer streams that kinder Nature gives,  
And like a child, stoops down, and drinks,  
and lives;



So does my weary, aching heart, grown tired  
Of joys that sated not, though long desired,  
Turn to the ever-gushing fount, where first  
This eager spirit slaked its burning thirst.

Ye never turned from me in proud disdain,  
Laughed at my ignorance, nor mocked my  
    pain ;

Ye never chid me for perception slow,  
But patiently, with tender voice and low,  
As doth a mother, ye went went o'er and o'er  
The lessons learned with labor long and sore.  
No cold neglect your warmth could ever chill,  
No wilful wanderings your chidings still ;  
Kind, faithful friends ! how turns my heart  
    with true

And yearning tenderness again to you !

Soothe me, as once of yore, with winsome art  
Ye soothed my panting soul and feverish  
    heart ;

Bring to me Hope's receding form again,  
And while, like cheerful friends, my weary  
    pain ;

Raise from the dust this mute, despairing soul ;  
Show to these downcast eyes a loftier goal ;

With Mercy's hand your sparkling cordial  
give,  
That these faint lips may drink once more  
and live!

Tell me of all the great and good of earth ;  
Of suffering patience and of struggling worth ;  
Rehearse each noble thought, each glorious  
deed,  
Till spirit shall on kindred spirit feed ;  
In my still chamber wide unfold to me  
The dens of cunning, intrigue, misery.

With power prophetic and magician art,  
Sound to its lowest depths the human heart ;  
Bring to the light the hidden things of time,  
The hoarded, prized, and sought of every  
clime ;  
Wage with decay and change a ceaseless strife,  
And give the dead the form, the voice of life.

Teach me to emulate their noble deeds,  
To turn my feet where stainless glory leads :  
Climbing, like them, the rugged road and  
rough,  
Following their footsteps, though it be far off :

And, as Elisha, gaze until on me  
May fall the *shadow* of their drapery.  
Like them, a faithful, friendly light hold  
    forth,  
Over the wild, dark paths and moors of earth;  
Breathing the words that point men on and  
    higher,  
Touched, like the prophet's lips, with holy fire.

*HEATHEN PRAYER.*



LORD, what is good bestow,  
Though how to ask for it we do not know;  
And take from us all ill,  
Though in our blindness we desire it still.

TO AN INFANT.



**L**ITTLE stranger, dost thou come  
Seeking on this earth a home?  
Nestler in thy mother's heart,  
Dost thou seek with us a part?  
Seek the pleasure and the woe  
Mingled in each cup below?

Joy of earth and heir of heaven,  
Child of love in mercy given;  
Drawing us with winning ways  
Back to our own infant days:  
Blessed days! when we within  
Were as free as thou from sin.

When we fondly look as now  
On thy fair, thy stainless brow;  
And with hearts that know so well—  
As our own worn spirits tell—  
What the strife of earth must be:  
*Can* we gladly welcome thee?

Welcome thee with joy among  
Life's soul-weary, laboring throng?  
Welcome thee to pains and tears,  
Mocking hopes and sorrowing years?  
Welcome thee, sweet, guileless one,  
To each grief that we have known?

Yes! with hearts that know full well  
What the lips refuse to tell;  
Know the bitter pangs and strife;  
Know the joys, the bliss of life;  
And its depths, its fulness see,  
*Gladly* do we welcome thee.

For thou hast the power to bless  
In our hours of bitterness;  
And with winsome smile and voice  
Thou dost bid us here rejoice;  
Pointing, as we onward glide,  
To the brightest, sunniest side.

And we know life endeth not  
With earth's weary, sorrowing lot;  
But above, beyond the sky,  
Is thy spirit's destiny;  
And we watch thee fitting here  
For thy higher, holier sphere.

*SUMMER EVENING.*



**A** DOWN the West,  
In crimson drest,  
The kingly Sun sinks to his rest ;  
And robed in state  
Meet for the great,  
The clouds, like princely courtiers, wait.

The weary Day  
Sees pass away  
To feebler hands his powerful sway ;  
And from his seat,  
With blushes sweet,  
Bends low his sister, Night, to greet.

In distant view,  
The mountains blue  
Blend with the skies their changeless hue,  
As if they strove  
In deed to prove  
Our nearness to the world above.

The gushing note  
From birdling throat  
Across the fields hath ceased to float ;  
But round the hill,  
The tricksome rill  
In measured cadence ripples still.

With transient blaze  
The fire-fly strays  
O'er many a wild and tangled maze ;  
And loud and shrill,  
The whip-poor-will  
Repeats his sad, unvaried trill.

Then all about,  
As half in doubt,  
The trembling stars peep coyly out ;  
And like a pall  
Enrobing all,  
The deepened shades and shadows fall.



*FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.*



IF I have sought by art the gifts  
Of nature to supply,  
Or ever asked for beauty's charm,  
'Twas but to please thine eye.

If I with labor strove to make  
The stores of learning mine,  
'Twas that I might befittingly  
As thy companion shine.

If I have seemed with tireless zeal  
To seek for earthly fame,  
'Twas that thy heart with pride might thrill  
At mention of my name.

The praise of other lips than thine  
Is less than naught to me:  
I know no world where thou art not,  
No life apart from thee.

*THE BLUE RIDGE.*



**M**OUNTAINS of Blue, like sentinels  
guarding

The vale and the plain with vigilance true;  
Like bulwarks of strength, or citadels warding,  
Unyielding ye stand, sweet Mountains of  
Blue.

Ye rise like monarchs of proud, olden spirit,  
Receiving the homage they feel is their due;  
Like Genius, exalted by virtue and merit,  
Far off and above us, sweet Mountains of  
Blue.

Like Faith, holy Faith, who, serene and un-  
daunted,  
Still bears on her forehead heaven's pure  
beaming hue;  
And walking a world by sin and guilt haunted,  
Yet points us above, sweet Mountains of  
Blue.

Ye catch the first glimpse of the smile-beam-  
ing morning,  
Whose clear, heavenly rays your glories  
renew ;  
And with sunlight and purple your summits  
adorning,  
In splendor they crown you, sweet Moun-  
tains of Blue.

When day has departed, and evening has  
lighted  
With soft, quiet beauty each tranquillizing  
view,  
The splendors of morn, noon, and eve are  
united  
In glory around you, sweet Mountains of  
Blue.

Time sweeps from our grasp the hopes that  
we cherish,  
Change marketh the paths our footsteps  
pursue ;  
Yet ye stand while men rise, flourish, and  
perish,  
Forever the same, sweet Mountains of  
Blue.

Fair emblems of Truth, unchanged and un-  
changing,  
Though tempests may veil awhile from our  
view ;  
Beyond the dark clouds and thunderbolts  
ranging,  
Like Truth above Error, sweet Mountains  
of Blue.

No wonder the heathen bow down and adore  
you,  
So majestic and grand and unchangeably true :  
Had I stood like them untutored before you,  
I too would have worshipped, sweet Moun-  
tains of Blue.

And now, when away from time's bitter strife  
turning,  
I seek the pure joys of my youth to renew,  
I gaze on your summits, and with you re-  
turning,  
Greet high holy visions, sweet Mountains  
of Blue.

For if ever the peace heaven giveth here fills me,  
If ever the world recedes from my view,

It is when the light of a Sabbath eve thrills  
me  
Beneath your pure azure, sweet Mountains  
of Blue.

Let me stand though earth's tempests around  
me are riven,  
Serene, and unmoved, and unheeding, like  
you,  
With my heart and my eyes still lifted to  
heaven,  
Forever the same, sweet Mountains of Blue.

Bend o'er me while life's pulses through me  
are leaping,  
Speak to me of thoughts and deeds noble  
and true;  
And when low in silence and dust I am  
sleeping,  
Keep watch o'er my ashes, sweet Mountains  
of Blue.

WHAT IS LIFE'S GREATEST  
BLESSING?



I ASKED the sick man, and he said, "'Tis  
health."

I asked the poor man, and he answered  
"Wealth."

I asked the lonely prisoner: "Ah!" said he,  
"The greatest boon of life is to be free."

I asked the laborer, with toil oppressed,  
He wiped his aching brow, and answered  
"Rest."

So I have learned this truth — that each man  
counts

Life's greatest blessing is the one he wants.

## S Y M P A T H Y.



After all, it is but a little way that our friends can go with us; and sympathy, like everything human, has bounds that it cannot pass.

I HAVE had friends—and they were dear:  
How dear, this heart so fondly keeping  
Sad vigils o'er them year by year,  
Tells in its secret, ceaseless weeping.

I have had friends—and they were true  
To every pulse of generous feeling;  
Their memory o'er me, like the dew,  
With fragrant freshness now is stealing.

But in my bosom hangs a veil  
Before the holiest of her holies;  
No common priest the covering frail  
May lift to scan its depths or glories.

For feelings lie beyond the reach,  
The softest, tenderest touch of mortal,  
That cannot don the robe of speech,  
Nor pass the spirit's outer portal.

A little way along life's path  
Friends come, not leading, following rather;  
For unto them the Master saith,  
"Thus far ye may go and no farther."

Thus far — it is the clasp of hand,  
The tone that says, "I also suffer;  
My feet have pressed as cold a strand,  
And trod a pathway lonelier, rougher."

And this is all. Up the steep sides  
We climb, there is for them no wending;  
And down into the flowing tides  
And hidden depths there's no descending.

Who leans his strength upon the reed,  
The broken reed of human feeling,  
Will find within his sorest need  
A wound that hath no balm of healing.

The soul that finds on earth no rest,  
No heart to share her choicest treasure,  
Must seek that higher, stronger breast  
Whose heights and depths *she* cannot  
measure.



TO MY SEWING NEEDLE.



¶ I NEVER loved thee. In my earlier days  
I scorned and shunned thee: to my child-  
ish gaze

Thy skilful nimbleness and shining form  
No beauty brought, no potency, or charm;  
I only viewed thee, spurning all thy pleas,  
Sworn foe to freedom, idleness, and ease.

But thou hast clung to me in spite of all,  
Like a true friend who minds not change or  
fall;

I have not found — existence never gave —  
More ready, willing, and obedient slave;  
And somehow I have come to look at thee,  
If not with pleasure, with complacency.

It may be as the galley-slave has learned  
Something of love for toil that once he  
spurned;

Or as a man condemned for life to dwell

A prisoner, grows in time to like his cell.  
Many the things 'tis wise to take in gross —  
Few feelings can be analysed too close.

I ought to love thee. Thou hast ever been  
To sorrowing woman near as blood in kin;  
And many an hour of anguish hast thou  
whiled  
As back and forward thou hast flashed and  
smiled,  
Bringing sweet memories and pleasant thought  
As fair and graceful figures thou hast wrought.

Thou hast from Nature borrowed light and  
shade,  
Hast many an ancient battle-scene portrayed;  
Wrought banners men were proud to wave  
on high,  
Decked castle walls with gorgeous tapestry;  
The transient, perishing of earth engraved,  
And noble deeds and words of wisdom saved.

Thou hast filled homes with plenty; thousands  
wait  
On thee as mendicants at castle gate:  
Thou hast the naked clothed, the hungry fed,

Adorned the blushing bride, and robed the  
dead ;  
And worlds of might work by thine unseen  
aid,  
Since thou by Dorcas hast been sacred made.

O Power, so small and silent, yet so strong  
And wonder-working of the laboring throng,  
Still be thy might, thy glory felt and known,  
And in the van of life still hold thy own :  
Still keep thine ancient place at home and  
hearth,  
Among the least, yet mightiest of the earth.

For long as thou dost there in honor reign,  
The world may place her glittering baits in  
vain ;  
As long as thou dost in thy patience toil,  
A might remains the tempter's power to spoil ;  
As long as thou dost help her to endure,  
No charm can woman from her place allure.

LIFE'S LESSONS.



SPREAD o'er a page our sorrowing tears  
have blurred,

Whose letters we know not by sight or  
sound,

Whose syllables so oddly, strangely bound,  
Make up an unintelligible word

We vainly strive in memory to hoard,

And whose design and beauty, use and end  
(Of which as foreign things we may have  
heard)

Our childish spirits fail to comprehend.  
Sometimes unwittingly, as breathed upon

By inspiration, we may rightly call  
A single letter, or with sigh and moan,

Upon a proper word may chance to fall;  
But ere one-half the meaning has been learned,  
A newer and a harder page is turned.

*THE PRESENT.*



**W**HY need we to the dim, dark Past recede,  
And search her record for soul-stirring  
deed,

When so much in the teeming Present lies,  
To animate our hearts and fill our eyes?

Why need we seek to taint and soil our page  
With horrors that disgraced a former age;  
Or drag again, as curious things, to light,  
The sins it were more wise to hide from sight:

When time reveals no hour, and earth no place,  
Where crime shows not her bold unblushing  
face;

And our sad Present bears enough, enough,  
To crowd the page of warning and reproof?

Why search the darkness of a vanished night,  
Or trace the glimmers of a dawning light,  
When o'er our clearer path and higher way  
Shines the full radiance of perfected day?

Why need we bid the quiet, sleeping dead  
Again for us their bloody paths re-tread,  
When bolder heroes, through as loud a din,  
Still walk the earth, still nobly strive and  
win?

No fires are kindled now, no stakes are driven  
To horrify the earth and insult heaven;  
But still unseen the life-drops trickle down,  
And suffering earns, to-day, a martyr's crown.

Earth's future heroes, glorious and wise,  
Are given to our unconscious hearts and eyes;  
And heaven's blest angels through the shades  
and glooms,  
Walk by our sides and dwell within our homes.

We strive to grope into the shadowed past,  
Or o'er the future our dim light to cast;  
And let the present, freighted full, slip by,  
Without one throb of heart, one glance of eye.

Time dulls the sinking echoes of the past,  
While o'er the future mercy's veil is cast;  
And our short sight of life can see no more  
Than a few steps behind, a few before.

Oh, could we view our lives, our days aright,  
How would our hearts enkindle at the sight!  
How would we droop, or lift our beaming eyes,  
To see how low we fall, how high *might* rise!

THE GIFTS OF LOVE.



§HE gave not much as counts the world,  
A little here and there;  
A few small coins, a crust of bread,  
A softly whispered prayer.

She gave a kindly smile, a word  
Of comfort and of cheer;  
A silent, loving clasp of hand,  
A sympathising tear.

Blessed like the widow's mites, those coins  
Unclosed wealth's grasping hand;  
Opened a gushing fount that spread  
Wide o'er the thirsty land.

That kindly smile, that cheering word,  
Fell on a breaking heart;  
And closed and bound a wound unseen,  
And healed a secret smart.



That silent, loving clasp which said,  
    "Look up, O sister mine,"  
Drew from the clutch of death a soul  
    That shall in glory shine.

That whispered prayer, unheard on earth,  
    So faintly was it given,  
Rose on the spirit wings of faith,  
    And moved the throne of heaven.

Such were her gifts;—and half their worth  
    By words can ne'er be told;  
Nor is earth wise enough to heed,  
    Or large enough to hold.

*IN MEMORIAM.*



**F**AREWELL! I will not weep that thou  
Art resting with the blessed now;  
Or that the Father's wise design  
Hath made thy path more short than mine.

Farewell! a stronger than our love  
Hath borne thee to thy home above;  
And though the world may be less fair,  
Heaven is more dear since thou art there.

MY DEAD.



❁ COUNT not those among my dead  
(Though from my sight and presence fled)  
Whom, safe beyond the realms of change,  
No time, no mortal can estrange;  
*Their* love and trust but brighter shine  
Whom death has made forever mine.

They are my dead who, living yet,  
Make life one long and sad regret;  
Who, false to every memory,  
Still walk the earth, more dead to me  
Than if with chilling, threatening mien  
The cold, damp grave were walled between.

They are my dead — the vanished years  
I mourn with unavailing tears;  
The long-fled, joyous years that seem  
Like pleasant tale or beauteous dream;  
The full-pressed, teeming years that hold  
Treasures ungathered and untold.

They are my dead—the hopes that sprung  
In life's glad morning strong and young;  
Yet, nurtured with the tenderest care,  
They faded like earth's bright and fair;  
Perished, as sink into the grave  
Whom neither love nor skill can save.

Uncovered to the gazer's eye,  
Behold my dead unburied lie;  
Like men, unshriven and unblest,  
They cannot sleep in peaceful rest;  
But loud above life's whirl and din,  
They mock me with, "It might have been."

O Time, these dead so cold and white,  
Help me to bury from my sight:  
Bury the mocking hopes and years,  
Bury in silence and in tears:  
Bury them deep—they were too bright:  
Bury them deep—far out of sight!

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE  
COULD.”



I CANNOT seek my Father's house,  
And in His temple pray;  
But in this quiet room my heart  
May silent homage pay.

I cannot toil as others do  
Along the world's broad mart;  
But where He placed me I can stand,  
With patient, watchful heart.

I cannot open wide my hand  
Whene'er the suffering plead;  
But I can bear their woes to Him  
Who doth the sparrows feed.

And when the whole is measured by  
Not what I *did*, but *would*,  
It may be He will say of me,  
“She hath done what she could.”

UNBELIEF.



'TIS strange when God throws wide His  
door

And lets the needy suppliant in,  
Declaring he who asks shall have,  
And he who strives shall surely win,  
We do not oftener seek that door,  
And boldly ask and plead for more.

And strange that after we have prayed,  
And after God has heard our prayer,  
And angels to our waiting hearts  
The Father's ready message bear,  
We marvel He should answer make,  
And scarcely will the blessing take.

O fools, and slow of heart to trust  
And feel his tenderness and power!  
O fools, and slow to rest upon  
The strength that is a mighty tower!  
Afraid the promise to believe,  
Afraid the blessing to receive.

*S P E R O , C R E D O , F I D O .*



† I CANNOT tell man's labored proofs  
In subtle, rare device,  
Of the Unseen, Eternal One,  
The Soul of mysteries.  
The creature the Creator shows:  
I am — therefore He is.

I know not how Jehovah could  
With men in converse be;  
Nor ask of that recorded word  
A learned proof to see:  
I am too glad to think that God  
Has given a book to me.

I cannot tell how Mercy may  
Justice and Law survive;  
Nor comprehend how Jesus' death  
Eternal life can give:  
I only know that He hath said,  
"Look unto Me and live."

I know not how a dying breath,  
A human, sin-stained plea,  
Can span the space 'twixt man and God,  
And alter Heaven's decree:  
But I have heard the Father's word,  
"In trouble call on Me."

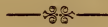
I know not how life's ceaseless ills  
Can blessings antedate;  
Nor how the bitter will be sweet,  
And crooked places straight:  
'Tis written, all will work for good  
To those who love and wait.

I cannot tell where Heaven may be,  
Nor what its glories are;  
Save that it waits the faithful soul,  
And God and Christ are there;  
And that the happy spirits rest  
From sin, and death, and care.

For secret things belong to God,  
And not to finite dust;  
And high as human mind may soar,  
It owns the wisdom just  
That veils the deepest, and to man  
Gives hope, belief, and trust.



*VOICE OF THE DYING.*



WEEP not for me!

I am the captive sighing  
One glimpse of warm, reviving life to see;  
And this cold, hideous thing that ye call  
dying  
Is but the welcome friend that sets me free.

Weep not for me!

I am the traveller weary  
Who o'er rough seas and desert wilds has come;  
And dreaming yet of pathways long and  
dreary,  
With transport sees the gleaming lights of  
home.

Weep not for me!

I am the sick one longing  
For one brief respite from pain's ceaseless strife;  
Who in one moment through the visions  
thronging,  
Sees in her grasp eternal health and life.

Rejoice for me!

My path was rough and dreary ;  
Faint was my heart, and torn my aching feet ;  
Life's burden pressed me sore and I was  
weary—

The rest our Father gives is long and sweet.

Rejoice for me!

Even now do I behold Him  
Whom I have loved, whom I have sought so  
long ;

Even now my eager spirit-arms enfold Him,  
And these dull ears have caught the angel song.

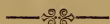
Rejoice for me!

When ceased the labored watching,  
Ye fold the hands above my painless breast ;  
And nevermore the labored whisper catching,  
Ye close the weary eyes in endless rest.

Rejoice for me!

When o'er the hillock bending  
Where toil may sleep, and peace and stillness  
dwell,  
And holy thought is ever heavenward  
wending,  
Ye say with quiet heart, "She sleepeth well."

THE CAPTIVE.



WITHIN his grated cell  
A captive sat and sighed;  
His skeleton hand, like a shadow, fell  
On the tasteless crust at his side.  
His hair was damp with the prison mould,  
His eye was hollow and wild;  
And the arm that once could giants fell,  
Was weaker than a child.

He, in that cell, for years  
Had waited, watched, and prayed;  
Till, numb alike to hopes and fears,  
He asked and wished no aid.  
A breathing corpse within a tomb,  
No eye but Heaven's could see;  
All that he heard was his keeper's step,  
And the turn of the iron key.

Yet was there something that bound  
His senses still to earth;  
To the world of action, light, and sound,  
Of happiness and mirth.

A tiny sunbeam daily came  
From its home of light and bliss ;  
And stole, as a living thing, to his side,  
And fell on his cheek, like a kiss.

He watched and watched it fall  
Down through the rusty grate ;  
He saw it climbing o'er the wall,  
And o'er his fettered feet.  
It sweetly spoke of bright green fields,  
Of trees, and cool, clear stream ;  
It said there was light and hope on earth,—  
Ay, light and hope for him.

Was he forgotten? No ;  
Fond eyes had long been dim ;  
True hearts had shared his every throe,  
And lips had prayed for him.  
But evil can rule with iron hand ;  
And hatred is bitter and strong :  
And what is the might of a woman's love  
Against the power of wrong?

The captive raised his eye  
To greet his sunny friend,  
And breathed for it the latest sigh  
His weary soul might send.

It came at last; and his eye grew bright,  
Watching its noiseless tread;  
But when it reached the pallid cheek,  
It lighted the face of the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Weep not for him who lieth  
On fields where fame is won;  
But weep for him who dieth  
A thousand deaths in one.  
Ay, weep for him that languisheth  
Where hope may never come;  
Who, drop by drop, gives up his life  
For liberty and home.

*NO HOPE—NO LIFE.*



**W**HILE Hope remained I lived, I toiled:  
Hope fled, life was of all despoiled  
That gave it worth.

I did not weep when Vandal hands  
My treasures bore away;  
Nor when I saw the lurid flames  
My home in ashes lay;  
But on the ruin gazed, and said,  
“O native Land, for thee  
Far more than this I'd gladly bear,  
If thou may'st yet be free.”

I did not weep when sorrowing men  
With slow and measured tread,  
Brought back the strong man of my house,  
To lay him with his dead;  
But stilled the beating of my heart,  
And stifled down the sigh,  
And said, “'Tis great and glorious  
For one's own land to die.”

And when the bitter ending came,  
And all was given and lost,  
And I was like a severed leaf  
By wind and tempest tost :  
I gathered up my strength and said,  
“The Future yet remains,  
And in her opening hands are laid  
Strong, honest Labor’s gains.”

But when I felt the bitterness  
Of unrequited toil,  
And saw the base and wicked rise,  
Rich with the orphan’s spoil ;  
When starving children cried for bread,  
And there was none to give,  
And all the weak were trampled down,  
Just that the strong might live :

When every coming year disclosed  
More labor and less gain,  
And life was but another name  
For weariness and pain ;  
When love at death bequeathed to love  
Such heritage of woe,  
The tears that Hope so long had stayed,  
Despair allowed to flow.

THE SOUTH.



**W**E loved her when she sat queen among  
nations,  
A crown of glory on her stainless brow ;  
Rich with the incense of world-adulations,  
And strong in powers that right and truth  
endow.

When o'er her blooming plains and shining  
waters,  
Plenty and Wealth swept on with even tide ;  
When noble-hearted sons and beauteous daugh-  
ters  
Made glad her thousand homes of joy and  
pride :

When the Past gave no echoing sound of  
sorrow,  
The happy Present banished care away ;  
And the wished future was the glad To-  
morrow,  
That lengthened and intensified To-day.



But more, far more, when with just indignation

At but the thought of cherished rights o'erthrown,

She rose against a vaunting usurpation,

And dared assert, and dared to claim, her own :

When to the holy God of Heaven appealing,

She bared her breast to meet a murdering sword ;

And with life-blood her words and actions sealing,

Lost all she prized and sought, gained all she feared.

Yet more we love her as in desolation

She mourns her name, her rights, her children gone,

And breathes but one wild wail of lamentation,

Whose depth of agony might move a stone.

As the fond mother who, when health is flowing

In red, rich streams, but little heeds her child,

Finds warmer love and stronger feeling glow-  
ing,

If suffering blight where late enjoyment  
smiled :

So with hearts throbbing with a tenderer  
yearning,

We gaze upon our prostrate, stricken land ;  
And with a deeper, wilder passion burning,  
Sad, tireless watchers at her side we stand.

Dearer her quivering form all scarr'd and gory,  
And faint with strife against a world of  
foes ;

Dearer a thousand times her touching story  
Of unexampled sufferings, deeds, and woes.

And we are learning, like the hope-forsaken,  
To speak of her, our loved, our prized, our  
own,

Softly, as names of those whom death has  
taken

Are only breathed with low and reverent  
tone.

MISSION OF SONG.



**E**ARTH was not banned to angels; myriad  
forms

Speed here and there on heavenly mission  
sent.

Earth was not cursed for them; its raging  
storms

Break not the even calm of their content.  
Tireless and swift on wings of wind they  
go,

No other will than His who sent them know.

A thousand forms are round us; noiseless feet  
Keep measured pace with ours o'er thorny  
wastes;

Eyes that we see not, our dim glances meet,  
And strength unsought to our assistance  
hastes;

Hands that we feel not, our worn fingers  
take,

And voices speak as never mortal spake.

One hath long walked with us ; was with the  
stars

That sang together when creation woke ;  
And close to man, through all life's shocks  
and jars,

Hath made more strong his heart, more  
light his yoke :

We know not, ask not, if she may belong  
To earth or heaven, but we have called her  
Song.

She hath a holy mission ; it is hers

To speed o'er every land, and clime, and race,  
And rescue from oblivion, change, and years,  
The noble and sublime of every age and place.  
When marble falls and crumbles into dust,  
Song, living Song, shall guard with care her  
trust.

She loves to dwell with Nature ; she hath lent  
Her voice to wind, and bird, and stream,  
and sea ;

There is no spot o'er which she hath not bent,  
No space she hath not filled with melody ;  
To listening ear there is no sound but brings  
Some echo from her harp of thousand strings.

Through her passion finds words, love whis-  
pers soft,

Anger and hatred rage, and sorrow weeps ;  
Through her devotion quickens, soars aloft,  
Hope brighter smiles, and faith more stead-  
fast keeps ;

Spirit communes with spirit, and hearts  
speak,

That else, all other voice denied, would break.

Lands have no history that have no song ;

Their heroes lie forgotten in their graves ;  
No living voice awakens in their young

The emulating zeal that dares and braves :  
The thought ungarnered, and the deed un-  
sung,

Are treasures to the winds and waters flung.

She is the baffler of decay and time,

The wielder of a weapon keen and strong ;  
The bold discloser of high-seated crime,

The dreaded foe of tyrants and of wrong :  
Oppression's power all right may crush —  
deny—

But truth embalmed by Song can never  
die.

Well should *we* love thee; we, the tempest-tost,  
Bereft of name and country; we, who cast  
Our all on one wild fearful throw, and lost  
All but the waning memory of the past:  
We give thee, noble and high-minded Song,  
Our name, our deeds, our suffering, and our  
wrong.

Guard thou our unmarked dead; watch o'er  
their dust,  
Embalm their actions, and their honor keep;  
Tell how they fought and died with un-  
dimmed trust  
In God and Right, and with the uncon-  
quered sleep:  
Thy sweetest, softest, saddest notes belong  
To her who has no history but — Song.

LINES OF LIFE.



IT was not smooth — the path that God  
Appointed unto me ;  
Nor always pleasant — but it led  
Where He would have me be.  
And if I felt alone the thorns,  
And failed the flowers to greet,  
It was because I *would* not see  
The blossoms at my feet.

The cup presented to my lips,—  
The cup designed for all —  
Most strangely, skilfully was mixed  
With honey and with gall.  
And though my tongue no sweet could taste,  
My heart no good could guess,  
Yet now I know that strength was hid  
Within its bitterness.

Nor was it only light that fell  
Across my onward path ;  
But darkness deep, that seemed to me  
A harbinger of wrath.

Yet over all this truth still shone  
Like silvery lining clear,  
That only in a cloud can God  
To fallen man draw near.

Thus thorn and flower, bitter and sweet,  
Glad sunshine and dark shade,  
With skilful weavings in and out,  
A checkered life have made.  
Only the taught of God may see  
How evenly they blend,  
And the Divine, the glorious plan  
Begin to comprehend.

Then, looking back on what has been,  
Or on to what may be,  
Be still, my heart, and calmly wait  
The blessed whole to see.  
And may this lowly, humbling thought  
Bid every murmur flee:  
The good is more, the evil less  
Than is deserved by me.



“*THY WILL BE DONE.*”



**W**HEN all my days were bright, and life  
With radiant joy and hope was rife;  
And all I asked, and all I sought,  
As if on angel wing was brought:  
How easy then Thy power to own,  
And cheerful say, “Thy will be done.”

But when Thy hand pressed on me sore,  
With weight I never felt before;  
When sorrow and affliction came,  
And Death brought in a fearful claim,  
And took my best and dearest one,  
*“I could not say, “Thy will be done.”*

'Tis hard to think that good can spring  
From such an evil, bitter thing;  
'Tis hard to think that it can be  
The hand of *Love* thus laid on me;  
And hard to see my hopes o'erthrown,  
And yet to say, “Thy will be done.”

Thy heavenly grace Thou must impart,  
Thy Spirit breathe upon this heart,  
And every quivering pulse must thrill  
With thy soft whisper, "Peace, be still,"  
Ere I can turn each weary moan  
Into the words, "Thy will be done."

I can but bring to Thee my grief,  
And cry, "Lord, help my unbelief!"  
I can but at Thy footstool stay,  
Till Thou shalt teach my heart to say,  
With upward glance and childlike tone,  
And patient trust, "Thy will be done."

HE LEADETH ME.

Psalm xxiii. 2.



SOMETIMES through pleasant shades,  
By softly murmuring streams;  
Along sweet-scented glades,  
Lighted by golden beams:  
And He who walks beside me there,  
Makes all its loveliness more fair.

Sometimes o'er thorny ways,  
That wound and pierce my feet;  
And danger round me plays,  
And tempests o'er me beat:  
Though never path so dark and dread,  
I do but follow in His tread.

Sometimes through blazing fires,  
That singe, and scorch, and burn,  
Lifting their lurid spires  
Whichever way I turn:  
Yet through the hottest flames I see  
The same dear Hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes through raging streams,  
That lash, and fright, and chill;  
Where echo wakes wild screams,  
That numbing senses thrill:  
Yet is He ever at my side  
Whose voice can still the roaring tide.

He leads, whose tender love  
My yearning heart enfolds;  
He guides, who leads above,  
And, as He guides, upholds:  
I follow—though I see no more  
Than one short footstep just before.

He leads, who ruleth all;  
He guides, who never errs:  
With Him, how can I fall?  
Or how give place to fears?  
All faith in self forever gone,  
I trust in Him, and am led on.

*Chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.—SOL-  
OMON'S SONG.*

**F**ARTHLY friends with bliss surround me,  
Love's own air I gently breathe;  
Beauties new, above, around me,  
Their beguiling witcheries wreathe;  
But their temptings,  
Sweet, soft temptings,  
On me vainly, coldly fall;  
For my Saviour,  
My own Saviour,  
Is more fair, more dear than all.

They can bitterly deceive me;  
They can promise and not give;  
In my darkest hours they leave me,  
Hopelessly alone to grieve:  
In my sorrow,  
Pain and sorrow,  
They have naught that can avail;  
But my Saviour,  
My strong Saviour,  
Cannot leave me, cannot fail.

He is all my joy, my pleasure,  
All my might, my hope, my trust;  
Here my soul's abiding treasure,  
Firm and faithful, true and just:  
In the future,  
Dim, dark future,  
He is all the light I see;  
O my Saviour,  
My dear Saviour,  
Heaven is nothing without Thee!

When I see my strength departing  
Like the early morning dew,  
Waves of anguish o'er me starting,  
And earth gliding from my view:  
No cold doubting,  
Fear or doubting,  
Then shall dim my closing eye;  
On my Saviour,  
My dear Saviour,  
I will calmly rest, and die.

In the world of bliss above me,  
With unending joys in store;  
With the spirits pure that love me,  
And the self-same Lord adore:

There in safety,  
Rest and safety,  
From all sin, all sorrow free —  
O my Saviour,  
My dear Saviour,  
May I ever live with Thee!

“*COME UNTO ME.*”

S. Matthew xi. 28.



**A**RT thou weary? Wouldst thou rest?  
Come, and lean upon this breast:  
Come, and find a place with Me,  
Long ago prepared for thee.

Art thou thirsty? From the brink  
Of destruction turn, and drink  
Of the water I will give,  
And thou shalt forever live.

Art thou on doubt's billows tost,  
All thy charts, thy reckoning lost?  
Come, to Me thy woes confide;  
Come, and I will be thy guide.

Dost thou fear the chilling breath  
Of the mighty conqueror, Death?  
Come, with Me there is no strife;  
Come, I am eternal life.



Come, I long have sought for thee ;  
Come, unending bliss foresee ;  
Come, thy highest powers employ ;  
Come, and fill the heavens with joy.

*Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with.—S. MATTHEW XX. 23.*

WE dream of the triumph, we speak of  
the crown,  
We look for the harvest, we long to lie down  
With the martyrs and saints who have passed  
on before,  
And are safe with their palms on the "bright  
shining shore."

We forget the long labor, the race, and the  
cross,  
The hungerings, the thirstings, the wander-  
ings, the loss;  
We forget the proud charge when He mar-  
shalled us forth,  
And we ask our reward and our rest upon  
earth.

But He told us, "The cup that I drink, ye  
must drain;  
Ye must taste of the anguish, the bitter, the  
pain:

Ye have asked in my might and my glory to  
share,  
But my sorrow, and suffering, and shame can  
ye bear?"

Oh, measure the distance, weigh justly the  
cost ;  
Go over the reckoning, or all may be lost ;  
For the scourge must be felt, and the cross  
must be borne,  
Ere the throne can be gained, or the crown  
can be worn.

He told us of treasures, of blessings, and gains ;  
And he told of bereavements, of struggles, and  
pains :  
He spake of a rest, and a comfort in store,  
But the rest is to come when the conflict  
is o'er.

Then more of the cross, and less of the crown ;  
Long more for the struggle, and less to lie  
down :  
Not always the rest and the end are in view,  
But He who hath promised is faithful and  
true.

*THE WORD OF GOD.*

Thy word have I hid in my heart.—Psalm cxix. 11.  
How sweet are Thy words.—Psalm cxix.



ONE word of my God in the morning,  
When the labors of life must be done;  
One strong, quickening word of the Father,  
That my spirit may feed upon.  
Let me hear then the voice that sayeth,  
“This is the path and the way;”  
Let me see the clear light that shineth  
Brighter and brighter each day:  
That my feet may not stumble or falter  
In pathways untried and untrod,  
And my soul go forth to the conflict  
Equipped with the armor of God.

One word of my God in the noon-day;  
When weary of struggling with sin,  
The shield of my faith is all tarnished,  
And my spirit is fainting within.

Let me hear that Jehovah still reigneth  
    Unchanged and unchanging above;  
And no power that darkness engenders  
    His throne eternal can move:  
That my hope and my faith may be brightened,  
    And my spirit again grow strong  
In the thought of the patient long-suffering  
    Of God, that alloweth the wrong.

One word of my God in the evening:  
    Ere forgetfulness steal o'er my frame,  
Let the day's last whisperings echo  
    The One, Omnipotent Name.  
Let me read of the beautiful city,  
    Of the rest that remaineth above;  
When my soul, like a child that is weary,  
    Is yearning for comfort and love:  
That my sleep may be deeper and sweeter  
    For thought of the fadeless and fair;  
And my dreams may be of the mansions  
    That Jesus hath gone to prepare.

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY  
PEOPLE.

Isaiah xl. 1.



**P**ILGRIM weary and oppressed,  
Dost thou seek and sigh for rest?  
Is thy pathway long and drear?  
Full of danger, void of cheer?  
Rough and thorny though it be,  
Know it is the best for thee.

Not by fortune, not by chance,  
Not by human vigilance,  
Were the windings of one hour  
Marked by earthly wisdom's power;  
All was drawn and traced above  
By the heart and hand of Love.

Just the station, good or ill,  
Thou, and thou alone, canst fill;  
Just the sorrow, just the care,  
Just the pleasure thou canst bear;  
Just Heaven's wise and vast design,  
Sad and murmuring soul, is thine.

Not some great, some mighty task  
Does thy patient Saviour ask ;  
Kindly, gently, doth He bear  
With thy weakness, with thy fear :  
Little things He gives to thee,  
Faithful in that little be.

In thy sufferings meekly borne,  
In reproach, contempt, and scorn ;  
In the humble round of life  
Spreading peace and stilling strife ;  
In each thought, and deed, and word,  
Thou mayst glorify thy Lord.

He has given to thee a place,  
See thou fillest it with grace ;  
He hath portioned out thy tasks,  
Patient faithfulness He asks :  
Daily by hope's cheering beam  
Thou mayst bear and work with Him.

Work with Him ! — transporting thought !  
Work with Him who wonders wrought !  
Him, whose power all time transcends ;  
Him, to whom creation bends ;  
Work with Him, to share above  
In His glory, grace, and love.

Weary! there is yet a rest,  
Deep, unbroken, perfect, blest!  
Mourner! there is joy for thee  
Where no grief, no pain can be!  
To the faithful shall be given  
Rest, and joy, and peace, in heaven!



WHAT I BELIEVE.

Fear not: only believe.—S. MARK v. 30.



DO believe that Jesus did  
Himself an offering give,  
That fully, freely pardoned, I  
Eternally might live.

I do believe that He can take  
This tainted heart of sin,  
And purify and make it fit  
For Him to dwell within.

I do believe that Jesus hears  
My every prayer and plea;  
And measures not His gifts by what  
My poor, weak faith may be.

I do believe that life nor death,  
Nor any other thing,  
Can separate me from the love  
Of Christ, my Saviour King.

I do believe that He hath gone  
A mansion to prepare  
Within His Father's house, and He  
Will come and take me there.

I do believe if I endure  
With patience to the end,  
Resisting unto death, that He  
Will sure deliverance send.

I do believe that as He rose,  
The first-fruits of the dead,  
So from the grave I too shall rise  
To Christ, my living Head.

I do believe I shall the King  
In all His beauty see ;  
And that where'er my Saviour is  
I shall forever be !

IN SICKNESS.



ASK not why in God's decree  
This weary sickness comes to me;  
Why days of pain and nights of woe,  
With laggard footsteps come and go.

Whether it be to try my faith  
And patience in His seeming wrath;  
Or to correct some ill in me  
Only the eye of Heaven can see.

I may not tell: but this I know,  
'Tis God who thus hath laid me low:  
God—who hath measured out our days,  
God—just and good in all His ways.

The Father chasteneth whom He loves,  
And in His chastening pity moves:  
'Tis for our endless good; that we  
Sharers of cross and crown may be.

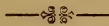
No greater comfort can we know  
Than thus to be like Christ below ;  
Suffering with Him ; like Him to rise  
Through suffering perfect to the skies.

Father, I take it. 'Tis from Thee ;  
Mingled, like all Thy gifts to me ;  
And if no thanks my lips uncloze,  
My heart Thy tender pity knows.

Oh, let me, bending to Thy will,  
And trusting Thy great love, lie still :  
So shall these painful moments be  
Strong cords to draw me nearer Thee.

## THE WORKMAN AND THE METAL.

The workman sits at the door of his furnace watching the metal within. When he sees his own image reflected from the molten metal, he knows the process is successful, and abates the fury of the flames.



THE workman lights his glowing fire  
And puts the ore within the blaze,  
And sits beside the furnace door,  
And turns the metal o'er and o'er ;  
And when in it his eye can trace  
The clear reflection of his face,  
He knows it pure, and then allays  
The fierceness of the burning rays.

So Jesus lights his glowing fire  
And puts the soul within the blaze ;  
And then beside the furnace door  
He sits and turns it o'er and o'er ;  
And when He sees reflected there  
His own sweet image clear and fair,  
He knows the process is complete,  
And lowers the cleansing, melting heat.

O Jesus, hotly glows the fire!

I know Thy breath hath fanned the blaze;

I know Thou art beside the door,

Looking my spirit o'er and o'er:

Withdraw not Thou the burning heat

Until the process is complete;

Till every eye in me may trace

The bright reflection of Thy face.

*THE PROMISES OF GOD.*



**L**IKE the lovely flowers of spring-time,  
gemming earth's soft, velvet sod,  
Gently breathing full, rich fragrance, come  
the promises of God.

Like stars within the firmament, lighting life's  
long night of sorrow  
With their pure and steady lustre, leading on  
the glad To-morrow.

Like the cool soft breath of evening, when  
the heated day is done,  
Whispering of the rest that cometh when  
our race of life is run.

Like raindrops fresh and cooling, on the  
withered, scorched plain,  
Bringing with their liquid touch a living  
freshness back again.

Like a cordial to the fainting, like a staff  
unto the weary,

Like struggling sunbeams stealing through a  
prison damp and dreary.

Like all the blessings sent by Heaven where-  
ever man hath trod;

Rich, full, and bounteous,— open to all — blest  
promises of God!

Hands they are stretched out to help us;  
voices clear and sweet that call us;

Rocks, on which our feet may safely step,  
though hideous depths appal us.

Suns they are that light and cheer us, all  
life's long and gloomy day;

Milestones, that careful, loving hands have  
placed along our way.

Cool and quiet streamlets flowing from the  
fountains of the blest;

Green and tranquil islets where the soul may  
pause awhile and rest.

Purer than the pearly dewdrops, fresher than  
the breath of morning;

Sweeter than the scent of flowerets, earth's  
jewelled form adorning.



Softer than the airs of summer, brighter than  
the stars of heaven ;

Richer than the golden, gorgeous hues that  
drape the couch of even.

Breathing health, and strength, and freshness,  
as our onward path we plod :

Full of joy, and hope, and gladness, come the  
promises of God.

Blessed be He who hath not left us without  
comfort, without hope,

But hath sent His bright-winged promises,  
wide, generous doors to ope.

The holy, glorious promises, raising guilt-  
stained souls from earth ;

Quickening every palsyng nerve, giving  
sweetest comfort birth.

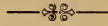
Lifting up the fainting spirit, giving heavenly  
air and breath ;

Healing every wound and sorrow, lighting  
e'en the vale of death.

As God, eternal, perfect, true, deep, fathom-  
less, and broad,

Forever sure — forever ours — blest promises  
of God !

*TRUST.*



**A**S the tender parent heareth,  
Though his hand no gift doth bring,  
When his wayward children, crying,  
Ask some pleasant, harmful thing:  
So our tender heavenly Father  
Sees and hears, but answers not,  
When His wayward children, crying,  
Ask some harmful thing or lot.

As the best and happiest children  
Still their little cries and woes,  
In the thought so calming, sheltering,  
"Father gives not — Father knows:"  
So the patient, faithful Christian  
Calms the struggle in his breast,  
And his cross and station beareth,  
With "Our Father knoweth best."

HEAVEN.



THERE'S a city above with its pearly gates,  
Its walls of jasper, and streets of gold;  
Its great white throne, its river of life,  
And mansions whose glories may never be  
told.

To the faithful of earth that city is given;  
But city, and mansion, and throne, are not  
Heaven.

There are soft, cooling shades, there are  
pastures and streams,

There are airs that breathe but perfume  
and life;

There's a glory of light that unfadingly gleams,  
And echoes that whisper of peace — not of  
strife:

Where never a cloud o'er the brightness is  
driven,—

But pastures, and light, and streams are not  
Heaven.

There are angels that stand in the presence  
of God,

There are prophets who spake as the Spirit  
gave word;

There are martyrs who sealed their faith with  
their blood,

And saints who rejoiced on earth in the  
Lord.

All spotless they stand, all washed and for-  
given;

But angels, and prophets, and saints are not  
Heaven.

There are songs whose melody never shall end;

There are crowns that neither press heavy  
nor fade;

There are harps whose tones all fancy tran-  
scend,

And joys that never a grief can invade;

There's a rapture from which every sorrow  
is driven;

But anthems, and harps, and crowns are not  
Heaven.

All glorious, and perfect, and pure as they are,

They still not the spirit, they fill not the  
heart;

Still higher it seeks its life-giving air,  
Still struggles and sighs for a nobler part ;  
And something more than these must be given,  
Ere the raptured soul exults in its Heaven.

For what are the cities, the pastures, the  
streams,  
The angels, the prophets, the crowns and  
the songs ?

What is the joy, the radiance, that gleams  
Eternal and pure o'er the numberless  
throng ?

Glorious, and perfect, and fadeless, and fair,  
What are they all if Christ be not there ?

Where the presence of God eternally dwells,  
And the Saviour that loved us is seen and  
known ;

Where the glory that gleams, and the rapture  
that swells,

Are joys that flow from His favor alone :—  
Where the smile of Jehovah to each one is  
given,

Where Father, Son, Spirit are, there is our  
Heaven !

*DOUBT AND FAITH.*



**D**OUBT is the nerveless arm that hangs  
and quakes;  
Faith is the hand that reaches forth and  
takes.

Doubt is the mist that earth and heaven can  
shroud;  
Faith is the undimmed sun above the cloud.

Doubt is the silent, fearing to begin;  
Faith, the importunate, whose pleadings win.

Doubt is the pendant, swaying to and fro;  
Faith is the needle our lost path to show.

Doubt is the rebel who dishonors God;  
Faith is the subject, yielding to His rod.

Doubt is the raw recruit, who shrinks with  
fright;  
Faith is the long-tried warrior, strong to fight.

Doubt asks, "How can I know my prayers  
are heard?"

And Faith replies, "I trust His gracious  
word."

Doubt says, "The promise is too good for me."  
Faith answers, "Gifts of Kings should kingly  
be."

Doubt says, "He lays mine honor in the dust."  
And Faith, "Though he should slay, yet will  
I trust."

Doubt moans, "I strive with tears, but sins  
abound."

Faith says, "In Christ my righteousness is  
found."

Doubt fixes on the earth his downcast eye;  
Faith lifts her clear and steadfast gaze on  
high.

Doubt haunts the darkened borders of despair;  
Faith soars to regions lofty, pure and fair.

Doubt is of troubled and unquiet mien;  
But Faith is steadfast, tranquil, and serene.

Doubt is of earth, and with the earth must  
die;

But Faith shall live, where now she points,  
on high.

O Lord, this blinding, clogging, deadening  
doubt,

As Thou of old the demons didst, cast out.

And let me pray along life's darkened path,  
As Thy disciples, "Lord, increase my faith."



*PRESSING ONWARD.*

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—PHILIPPIANS iii. 14.



**O**N, on, I press toward the mark,  
On, at the call of God;  
On, through the rough, but heavenward paths  
By holy footsteps trod.  
I hear the words, "If thou endure,"  
I feel the shock of strife,  
And see clear shining overhead  
The prize — eternal life.

The fainting heart may cry for rest,  
The feet refuse to run;  
Home, kindred, country, fade behind;  
And still the cry is "On!"  
On, through the flying, whirling days  
Of labor, care, and gain;  
On, through the laggard, weary hours  
Of suffering and pain.

On, through the beams of faith and hope,  
On, through despair and fears ;  
On, through the light and smiles of joy,  
On through the mists of tears.  
On, with the higher, holier zeal  
That dares to live and strive ;  
On, till the Judge upon the Throne  
His blest " Well done " shall give.

On, though the world may call me back ;  
On, though the way be long ;  
The prize to him who runneth well,  
The battle to the strong.  
Who falls but him who looks not up ?  
Who faints, but first lies down ?  
Not *one*, but *all* may win the race,  
May wear the victor's crown.

Since time began, till time shall end,  
The tramp of march goes on ;  
The thousand paths the thousands tread  
Will meet at last in one.  
One just Awarder of the prize  
To him that runneth given ;  
One race, one struggle, and one goal,  
One God, one home, one heaven !

*THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.*



**T**HEY tell me the Saviour is near me,  
Near me and ready to aid ;  
That He bends from His mansion to hear me,  
Never to scorn or upbraid.  
But surely my eyes with tears must be dim ;  
They have sought, but alas ! have found not  
Him.

They tell me He speaks to His chosen  
In accents loving and sweet,  
That soften a heart almost frozen,  
Till she rises her Master to greet.  
Ah, me ! that my ear is too heavy to hear  
A speaker so gentle, so mighty, so near.

They tell me He smiles on the holy,  
And comforts the mourning in heart ;  
That He dwells with the humble and lowly,  
His blessing, His peace to impart.  
But I am not holy, nor humble, nor meek ;  
Only weary and lonely—for such would He  
seek ?

They tell me the Saviour descended  
To ransom the sinful and lost;  
And that guilt though deep and extended,  
His mercy can never exhaust.  
The dullness, the dimness are gone:—I can see  
The Saviour of sinners the Saviour for me!

## FISHER'S EVENING SONG.

On the shores of the Adriatic Sea it is customary for the wives of the fishermen to come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for the answering strain off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne on the tide, telling them that the loved ones are almost home.



**W**HEN sunset floods with amber hue  
The lovely Adrian shore,  
The fishers' happy wives come down,  
Singing a stanza o'er:  
And listening till across the main  
Is borne to them an answering strain.

How sweetly to the fisherman,  
Fainting with toil, must come,  
At eve, those dear, familiar notes  
From the loved ones at home!  
How strong they make his weary hand  
Striving to reach the distant land!

And thus in life's still eventide  
The blessed spirits come ;  
Singing to us angelic songs,  
Singing of rest and home :  
And listening at the golden gate,  
They for the faint earth-echoes wait.

And thus do weary, toiling ones,  
Their hours of labor o'er,  
At even turn their longing eyes,  
Towards the shining shore :  
Thus hear familiar voices come,  
Welcoming them to Heaven and home.

J E S U S .



I LOVE to read of Jesus,  
Of all He said and taught,  
And of the mighty wonders  
He on the earth hath wrought.  
No story wild and thrilling,  
By lip of mortal told,  
Hath ever moved my spirit  
Like that sweet tale of old.

I love to think of Jesus,  
The true and steadfast friend,  
Whose love so deep and wondrous  
Can never change or end.  
It warms my faith to action,  
It bids my fears depart ;  
It stays my fainting spirit,  
And rests my weary heart.

I love to talk of Jesus,  
With those who know Him well ;  
And of His sweet compassion  
In holy converse tell.

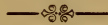
To find how very many  
Adore and love my Lord ;  
And how His grace unfailing  
Doth health and strength afford.

I love to work for Jesus ;  
To feel that all I do  
Is for the Heavenly Master,  
Who asks a service true.  
Yet all my toil is nothing  
To what He did for me ;  
Oh, may I ne'er grow weary  
Of working, Lord, for Thee !

I soon shall be with Jesus,  
Who sits enthroned above ;  
I soon shall be with Jesus,  
Whom here, unseen, I love.  
And oh, the thought that maketh  
The spirit world so fair,  
And floods it o'er with glory,  
Is — Jesus will be there !



*GOD KNOWETH BEST.*



**H**E took them from me, one by one,  
The things I set my heart upon;  
They looked so harmless, fair, and blest;—  
Would they have hurt me? God knows best.  
He loves me so, He would not wrest  
Them from me, if it were not best.

He took them from me, one by one,  
The friends I set my heart upon;  
Oh, did they come,—they and their love,—  
Between me and my Lord above?  
Were they as idols in my breast?  
It may be:—God in Heaven knows best.

I will not say I did not weep,  
As doth a child that wants to keep  
The pleasant things in hurtful play  
His wiser parent takes away;  
But in this comfort I will rest—  
He who hath taken knoweth best.

WORK WHILE IT IS TO-DAY.



WORK while it is to-day ;  
The hour will pass away ;  
Another's hand will do  
What was designed for you ;  
Another's crown will bear  
The star *you* ought to wear.

Work while it is to-day ;  
The need will pass away ;  
The heart that you might soothe,  
The path that you might smooth,  
The soul you might beseech,  
Will be beyond your reach.

Work while it is to-day ;  
*You* soon will pass away  
Where neither strength nor skill  
Can any work fulfil ;  
Or suffering atone  
For that here left undone.

ON ENTERING CHURCH.



AGAIN, let me  
Within Thy courts bend the adoring knee,  
Thankful to be once more near Heaven and  
Thee.

Oh, send away  
The thoughts of earth that lingering 'round  
me stay,  
And let me be alone with Thee to-day.

Hear from on high  
My spirit's earnest and repentant cry,  
And save me — for to Thee alone I fly.

Weary of strife,  
With earth's unsatisfying longings rife,  
Hungering and thirsting for eternal life,—

I come to Thee.  
Low at Thy footstool let my station be,  
And with Thy love and mercy shelter me.

Feed me to-day:

Oh, send me not to faint beside the way,  
But be Thyself my sure and certain stay.

I need Thy power

And tender guidance every trying hour;—  
There is for me no other shield or tower.

Reveal to me

Thyself, till Thy full loveliness I see,  
And with unfettered spirit worship Thee.

*THE DEAD IN CHRIST.*



**H**, call them not dead — they are not now  
sleeping

In the cold earth where we laid them to  
rest ;

But while o'er their ashes we bend fondly  
weeping,

They smile on our tears from the homes  
of the blest.

They toiled once below as we are now toiling,  
They suffered and wept as their crosses  
they bore ;

But now where no tempter may ever come  
spoiling,

They rest where they suffer — they sorrow  
no more.

Not alone in our anguish and grief have they  
left us,

To struggle with dangers that compass us  
here ;

But through the hot trials that mould us and  
sift us,

They utter sweet whispers of comfort and  
cheer.

*ST. JAMES' CHURCH.\**



I LOVE this church ; I love to sit  
Within this hallowed place ;  
The air, the books, the very walls  
My flagging spirits brace.  
I love to leave the world without,  
With every care and fear,  
And come in earnest, childlike trust,  
To feel that God is here.

Oh, 'mid the vexing scenes of life,  
Its anxious toil and care,  
How often have I sought this house  
In earnest faith and prayer!  
This house — where never yet e'er came  
In anguish and dismay,  
A sorrowing heart in humble trust  
That went unblessed away.

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\*Warrenton, Va.

The holiest memories of my soul  
Are mingled with this place;  
Nor time, nor change, nor life, nor death  
Their record can efface.

Here, in meek worship, often bowed  
All whom my heart held dear;  
And all I ever knew of good —  
Of God, was taught me here.

Here, on my brow in infancy,  
The Cross of Christ was traced;  
And on my head in after years  
A Prelate's hands were placed.  
Here have I knelt in humble faith  
Before my Saviour's board;  
And felt, as only here is felt,  
The pardoning peace of God.

The spirits of the sainted dead  
About this temple move,  
Whose voices mingled once with mine  
In words of praise and love.  
I feel that they are here to-day,  
Those unseen worshippers,  
Blending the feeble songs of earth  
With heavenly choristers.



I love this Church! I love her words  
Of holy prayer and praise,  
That far above this world of sin  
Our fettered spirits raise.  
In her, the sweetest, purest joys  
That crown my life are found;  
And o'er my sleeping dust her voice  
Of heavenly hope shall sound.

Church of my heart! thy lasting peace  
Shall claim my latest breath;  
And when my feeble heart and tongue  
Are cold and mute in death:  
Still may thy sacred songs be sung,  
Still may thy prayers ascend,  
Until in triumph He shall come  
Whose reign shall have no end.

COMMUNION THOUGHTS.



BEFORE COMMUNION.

SAVIOUR, I hear Thy loving voice,  
Bidding me come to Thee;  
I see Thy board before me spread  
With mercy wide and free.

Unworthy to pick up the crumbs  
That from Thy table fall,  
My guilty soul would shrink away  
But for Thy pleading call.

I dare not slight that gracious voice,—  
I dare not turn away  
While Mercy stands with open arms,  
And Jesus bids me stay.

Forgetting all but Thy own words,  
I, trembling, come to Thee;  
No other plea upon my lips  
But — Thou hast died for me.

Oh, may Thy kind, forgiving love  
My heavenly portion be ;  
Pardon, and strength, and peace I need,  
And they are found in Thee.

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## AFTER COMMUNION.

All glory be to Thee, Most High,  
Most Wonderful and Good,  
That Thou hast given for love of me  
Thy body and Thy blood.

O Love, that gave, that bore so much,  
O Love, so vast and deep,  
Safely within Thy sheltering folds  
My wandering spirit keep.

For I am Thine — called by Thy name,—  
Thy seal is on my brow ;  
Angels and men have witnessed here  
My world-renouncing vow.

Oh, may this bread and wine of life  
So fill my soul and heart,  
I ne'er will seek for other food,  
Will ne'er from Thee depart.

Each day to me this feast renew,  
And keep me one in Thee;  
That I henceforth in Thee may live,  
And Thou mayst dwell in me.

## THE INVITATION.

“ Draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort.”—PRAYER BOOK.



**D**RAW near with faith ; behold the Saviour  
stands,  
With tender, yearning heart, and outstretched  
hands ;  
With pleading voice He meekly deigns to  
crave,  
Ready to hear, to pity, and to save.

Draw near with faith ; leave all thy doubts  
behind ;  
Distrust Him not who is so true and kind.  
Draw near and see thy timid fears grow  
less —  
He greets with love : He only waits to bless.

Draw near with faith. Unworthy though  
thou art,

Offer to Him — 'tis all He asks — thy heart.  
Not here He stands to call the righteous  
home ;  
He calls the sinner — as a sinner come.

Come with repentance, earnest, deep, and  
true ;  
With love for Him to whom all love is due ;  
Forgiving as thou art of God forgiven,  
At peace with men, with conscience and with  
Heaven.

Draw near with faith ; bring all thy heavy  
care :  
Thou hast no load thy Saviour will not bear ;  
He knows thy grief, He feels thy bitterest  
woe ;  
Himself hath walked the weary path below.

Draw near with faith ; dost thou not sorely  
need  
Comfort and strength thy fainting soul to  
speed ?  
Draw near, and see how true, how strong  
His heart,  
And find the power He only can impart.

Draw near with faith. Oh, can that voice of  
love

One cold, or careless spirit fail to move?

Turn not away; this pleading call may be

The last thou canst reject — the last for thee.

“ We also bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom.”—  
PRAYER BOOK.

**W**E bless Thee for the holy ones departed,  
The good of every land, and age, and  
clime ;

The meek, the constant, and the noble-hearted,  
Whose glorious deeds illumine the shores of  
time,  
And life's high paths and noble aims revealing,  
For God and Truth shall never cease appealing.

In bitter grief a heavy cross they carried,  
And blood and tears their weary steps be-  
dewed ;

And oft they sank while their Deliverer  
tarried,

Yet at His word, refreshed and unsubdued,  
They fearless met each hellish foe assailing,  
And faithful stood, with Christ, the Lord,  
prevailing.



They lived to earth a very scorn and wonder,  
Afflicted and tormented, tortured, slain ;  
Were mocked and scourged, were stoned, and  
sawn asunder,  
Were tried and tempted, bound with bond  
and chain ;  
Forsaken, homeless,—yet with songs ascending  
The heavenly court whose glories know no  
ending.

We bless Thee that the world has seen such  
holy,  
Such hearts that never swerved from truth  
and Thee ;  
But with a faith undaunted and yet lowly,  
Served Thee through blood, fire, death, and  
infamy,  
That she may know there are who faithful  
bearing  
Their cross on earth, their crowns in heaven  
are wearing.

We bless Thee for the saintly ones among us,  
Whom we have loved, and mourned, and laid  
to rest ;

Whose parting words with quivering anguish  
    wrung us,  
    Though breathed upon the threshold of the  
    blest ;  
Whose fair examples ever shining o'er us,  
Make bright the paths their footsteps pressed  
    before us.

We bless Thee, though the bitter tears are  
    falling,  
    Though lone our hearts, and sad our firesides  
    be ;  
Though for them still our yearning souls are  
    calling,  
    We bless Thee that they are at rest with  
    Thee,  
Where everlasting joys and pleasures centre,  
And never pain, nor sin, nor death may enter.

We bless Thee that Thou once didst lend them  
    to us,  
    The precious jewels Thou wilt keep and  
    wear ;  
We bless Thee that familiar voices woo us  
    To the blest land where all our treasures are :

And when we reach that shore, loved forms  
will meet us,  
And hearts that we have known and missed  
will greet us.

Lord, give us grace their shining steps to follow,  
To live and die, as they have lived and died ;  
In, but not of, a world false-hearted, hollow,  
Seeking above our Saviour, Friend, and  
Guide :

And faithful to the end to Thee, the Giver,  
Sit down with them at Thy blest board  
forever.















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